

ANTHROCON

2017



"TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"

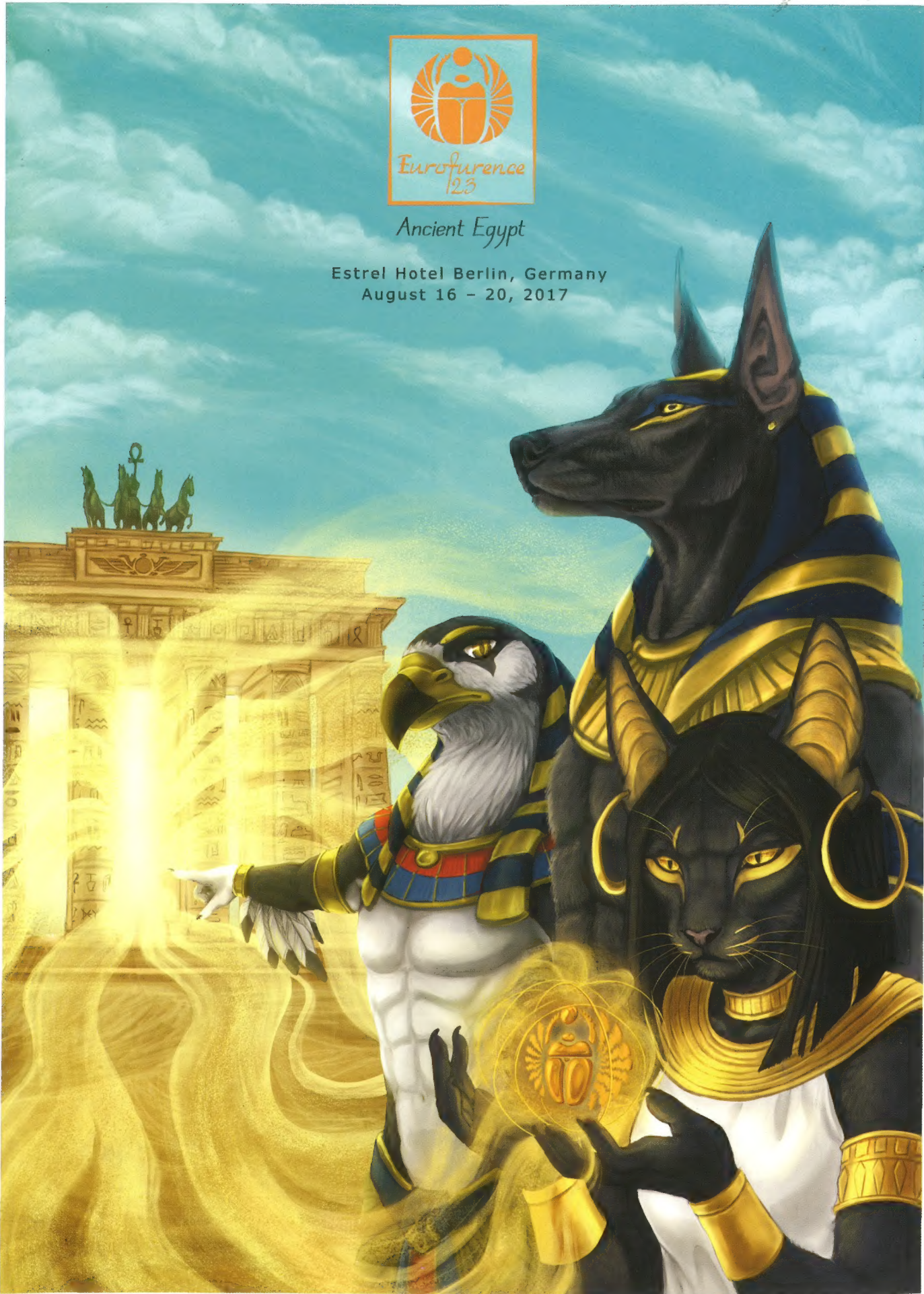


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To Absent Friends

Daniel Robert Hauschild
Takaza J. Wolf



December 1, 1976 - March 26, 2017

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Cover by Gamutfeathers. Layout by Sage Firefox.

Guest of Honor

Charlie Adler

A native of New York and Massachusetts, California based award-winning voice actor and voice director Charlie Adler boasts an amazing career spanning over four decades! Named one of the "Top 13 All Time Voice-Over Artists" by Animation Magazine and "Voice of the Decade" by Animation World News, he has given voices to hundreds of different characters. He is known as the voice of Buster Bunny from Steven Spielberg's Tiny Toon Adventure, Mr. and Mrs. Bighead from Nickelodeon's Rocko's Modern Life, Chance "T-Bone" Furlong from Hanna-Barbera's SWAT Kats and many more prolific animated characters from the 80s and 90s. Charlie also shares his skills through teaching acting for animation. Anthrocon is thrilled to welcome such a talented star player to our Guest of Honor team!



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Swing Ratter Ratter

Beagle.in.red

The dust on my cleats, the roar of the stands—it's everything that I had imagined and more. From those warm summer nights listening to the car radio to our after-church games in the overgrown sandlot, everything came down to this very instant. Here I am, Lucas Reed, the first rodent player to ever bat for the Pittsburgh Comets. Stepping into the field, I hoist my bat over my shoulder, the weight of wood surpassed only by the pressure of a hundred thousand eyes bearing down upon me. I take a deep, shuddering breath. The enormity of this moment is well worth a lung-

ful of sand.

I survey the playing field. Cameron's on second base. The raccoon is hunched over with his paws on his knees, prepared to run. I meet his anxious gaze and I wonder what he sees. The batter who will take him one step closer to home? Or the team's token mouse, destined to make history by striking out in the first inning? On first, Vang the puma stands with his arms crossed over his puffed chest. I can only hope he has as much confidence in me as I do in him. The cat's one of our best runners and I have no doubt he'd be able to take a base or

two, so long as Cameron gets clear. And that all comes down to me.

I take my spot in the batter's box. The catcher for Rosemont is a lion, twice my height even on his haunches. His orange mane bursts out from beneath his mask and I can almost hear the rumble of his breath behind me. It's just the breeze, I tell myself. I tap my bat in the dirt and raise it to position. The mangy fox that's pitching eyes me, then the lion. He nods. Vang and Cameron poise themselves to run, but I put my focus on the pitcher. He throws. I swing.

"Strike!" My father's



voice echoed through the yard with as much authority as an umpire on the field.

I cast my bat down to the grass. "That's not fair! I can't reach that far."

"It's in the strike zone." He shrugged, a gesture that I interpreted as callous at the time. "The big league doesn't care what species you are. If it's within the box, you gotta hit it."

"But I can't!" My frustration peaked. "Mice can't bat. They never do." I grabbed my cap and threw that down too.

"Lucas!" I flinched, cowering as my father came towards me with wide strides. He took my cap and slapped it over my ears, dust and all. "Just because they never have doesn't mean they never will." He lifted my bat, rubbing his finger over its surface. "The only way we never will is if we give up now. Are you going to give up, or are you going to make it?"

I've already made it. A strike? That's nothing. Just

by being on this field today, I have made it for every mouse that carries a bat to their afterschool game. We can only go higher from here. I flex my jaw, chewing imaginary dip like they used to in old days. I've never been one for tobacco, but the motion is part of the game—part of the culture that I grew up watching and fantasizing about. As long as I'm in the box, I'm living the dream.

The pitcher smirks at me with his uneven fangs. I narrow my eyes, challenging him to do his worst as I give it my best. Just you and me, buddy. He draws his paw back and I can see the fur on his wrist matting with tar. I could cry foul right about now, but I didn't fight my way out here to claim victory by circumstance. If he can get away with that, then I feel like I can do anything.

"Swing, ratter, ratter, swing!" someone shouted from the stands.

"Aw, he didn't even try!"

I stood petrified, bat at the ready, but that only

made me look more of an idiot, like I was oblivious to the fact that the pitch had flown straight into the glove of the catcher. Disappointed hollers rose from the bleachers as I returned to the bench. I kept my helmet on because I knew I might start crying, and that would only make things worse. Our school won the game, but the jeers lingered into dinner.

"Congratulations," my father said.

I looked up from my plate. "For what?"

"You won the game." He raised his glass in a toast.

Did we? Then why did I feel so defeated. "They called me a rat." I blurted out.

My parents stopped chewing. My mother looked to my father who sighed. "So what? Mouse, rat, what's the difference?"

"Rats are," I hesitated, but spoke my mind anyways, "garbage pickers."

My father furrowed his brow and I felt him bat my ankle under the table with his



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tail. "And they persist. Even in the toughest times, they don't give up. We should be proud if we have a little bit of rat blood in us."

I looked down, picking at the vegetables on my plate. "They didn't mean it that way."

"Doesn't matter what they mean," my father said through a mouthful of food. He kept his eyes on his plate as he talked. "What matters is what you take from it. If they call you a pig, show them your smarts. If they call you a cow, show them your strength."

"And if they call me a mouse?"

"Then you give it your all and show them what a mouse can do."

My fingers feel tight around the bat. I adjust my grip. Two strikes, but I can't give up, not in front of the cameras, not in front of my family. The pitcher licks his lips, as though savoring an easy win. I have to swing this time. Whether I hit or strike out, there will be another inning, another game. But in this moment, all I have to do is swing.

The crowd is louder than ever as the fox pitches. I lock my gaze on the ball. It flies wide, out of my reach, but I keep my bat steady. The ball curves in.

Swing, ratter, ratter, swing!

The impact nearly knocks the bat out of my grip, but I follow through. A satisfying crack rings through my ears, and I start running, my paws hitting the ground before

the bat falls. My teammates take off, and suddenly it's a race. I lose sight of the ball for a moment, but there's movement in the outfield. One of the fielders is turning towards first. I dive, slamming my paws down on the base a split second before I hear the slap of the ball in the baseman's glove. Safe.

I look up timidly at the baseman. The wolf looks unmused, but then he dips his

head in acknowledgement. Cameron and Vang have both advanced, and the bases are loaded. The cheers of the audience reach my ears. It may not have been a spectacular hit, a mediocre play among many, but I imagine the strength of my father's pride from out there in the stands, and in that moment, I know I've hit home.

A Pittsburgh 2017 Production

Tom Hangups

Fleana Davis

Fuzzy O'Donnel

AnthroCon

OF THEIR OWN

LANGLEY LUPINA, PARKER PEACOCK, CHARITY CHEESE ©2017 BY JOHN ROBEY · SUBURBANJUNGLE.COM

New Ball Game

Lynn Brooke

It was all over the news. The biggest event this century!

While other civil rights movements had taken place, this was the major event of this generation. An anthro player was being signed to a Major League Baseball team! Kylie Williams was excited as all get-out. The foxgirl born and raised in Steel City was going to see this historic event herself.

She knew that the teams could before, just no one had. No one was really sure the cause for the self-imposed embargo of anthro players. Maybe it was the fear of the anthros outperforming the humans. A Major Anthro League had been set up since the 1950s and it was seen as a minor league to Major League Baseball. Sometimes to avoid scheduling conflicts, the MAL teams would play in the afternoon or on MLB days off.

Last year was the year it all changed.

Tim "Mad" Maddox had been signed to the Pirates non-MAL minor league, the first one to get the honor. The buzz was big around the year, though the rest of MLB tried to ignore it. Tim had a fantastic year. Now, the owner called the lupine up to be in the opening game. Not as a gimmick but as a legit member of the team in the outfield. Kylie had seen the press conference and how the young wolf had mentioned he was excited to be a part of the team and couldn't wait to

just play while waiting for the game to start.

"What an exciting time to be alive," Kylie thought as she got her Pirates jersey on, with her last name on the back, and put the cap over her hair, making sure the earholes aligned. The jersey was a little snug, bought before her sudden growth spurt in areas. Kylie checked herself in the mirror for rips and tears, and made sure the jersey was buttoned properly and didn't clash with her blue fur. She also grabbed a purse that contained a small

radio so she could get the play-by-play in one ear. Thankfully, she only lived a fifteen-minute walk from the stadium. She could hear that the crowd was electric, and it only intensified once Kylie got to the stadium. There was buzz due to the team being a championship contender the year before.

"The game's sold out! You were lucky to score a ticket!" The ticketmaster said as Kylie handed her the slip of cardboard.

"Luck had nothing to do with it! I'm a season ticket



holder, and I wouldn't miss the biggest game of the year! Are you kidding?"

The conversation with the woman at the gate ended with them both laughing as she was handed her ticket stub. She got through, joining the throng of black, white, and gold in getting to their seats or the concession stands. To be sure, there were fights among drunk fans but generally everyone got along, which only added to the frustration of the teams not signing an anthro player.

She got to her seat shortly after the national anthem, just in time for the home

team to take the field. A nice view of the park, right in the center of the outfield. Kylie had been told that her seat was envious of others who loved the game that she knew. Still, she just wanted to see even one at bat from Mad Maddox and the vulpine would be happy.

Her ears twisted and turned as she took in the sounds, pulling the radio out of her purse. Putting the little bud in one ear, she also made sure her wallet was safe for when she wanted a pop and a hot dog since she hadn't eaten breakfast yet.

Hello, Pittsburgh! Your Pirates are taking the field.



Tim "Mad" Maddox is in left... we're getting ready for the first pitch!

Kylie looked up at the right moment. With a loud 'THWAK' of the bat, the ball was lifted

Back...back...back... MADDUX GOT IT! OUT ONE!

The crowd roared with approval as he got the first out. Kylie's tail wagged as she watched the play on the big screen; it was one heck of a play. She could hear the murmur of the fans at what a star Maddox would be.

The game went like this for eight full innings. The crowd was roaring for the hometown team to come in and defeat their hated rival. Kylie was feeling the intensity of it, especially when the lupine known as Mad Maddox would make a great play. She could see, when he came to bat, that he exuded a quiet excitement and a cold confidence. Tim did his best to hide the nervousness that everyone knew must be bubbling inside. The vulpine herself felt a sense of pride when the humans would talk of him and how great he had been.

In the top of the ninth, the Yankees scored one run on a bloop single. The pitcher got the next two outs on strikes to send the game to the bottom of the ninth when the Pirates would be up to bat. The intensity of the crowd gave way to a quiet optimism and then nervous energy.

The first batter came up and struck out. Then the next came up and got on base. The one after him got out on a fly ball. Tim Maddox, his grey fur

looking a little matted from the sweat, came up.

"COME ON, MADDOX! KNOCK IT OUT OF THE PARK!"

The yell came from the section above Kylie, heard throughout the ballpark due to the silence. Soon everyone was on their feet, clapping and cheering in rhythm. A sea of black and gold was seen, cheering on the hometown boy in his last at bat of the first game of the rest of his life. Kylie was there too unable to keep the yips and barks of excitement down, tail waving as she tried not to obstruct the people behind her, bouncing up and down with joy.

Strike one came... down to their last two strikes, folks. The crowd is on fire, sports fans! There is a noise not heard in the "House that Cutch Built" for a while now...

The crowd got even louder and more intense. It was an automatic sensation. They could see that the opposing pitcher was nervous and wouldn't let up. The crowd did quiet down though, as strike two caught Maddox looking. People sat down, sure that their beloved Buccos were going to lose the game.

Here it is, Buccos fans. The final strike. Here's the wind up....there's the pitch...

Tim swung with all of his might, his natural farm-grown muscles flexing under the white, sweat and dirt-covered uniform. It sailed up into the air, and kept going as though held up by the breath of the fans. Everyone watched it, necks strained as it soared

into the outfield.

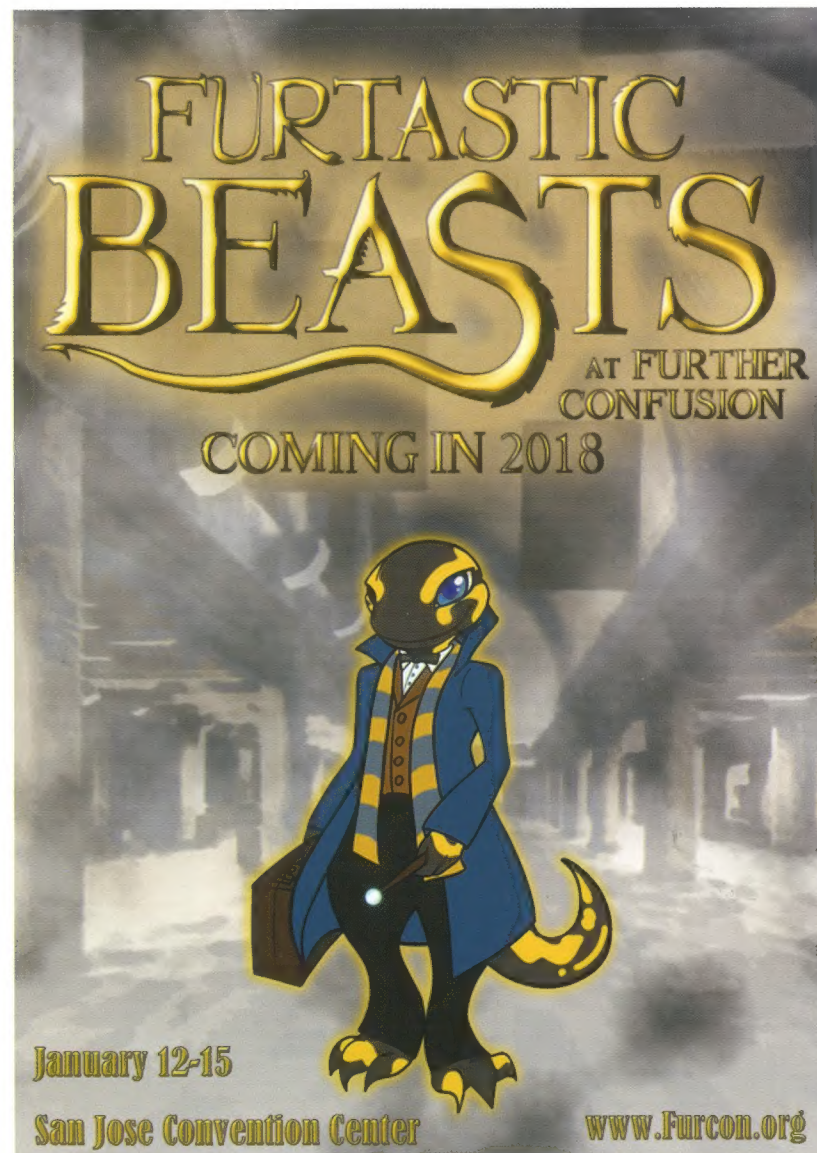
Back...back...it's out into the stands, no one knows when it'll fall...KISS IT GOOD-BYE! A TWO RUN SHOT! MADDUX WINS THE GAME FOR THE PIRATES! THE PIRATES WIN!

The crowd again stood to their feet and cheered as fireworks went off into the evening sky. Maddox rounded the bases on his walk off and trotted towards the pentagon, stomping on it as was tradition. The grin on his lupine face and the big toothy expression couldn't go away as his

teammates huddled around him for a congratulatory hug. The stadium wouldn't clear out for another thirty minutes, as the crowd gave him a standing ovation.

As Kylie left, she left the radio on and the earplug in. Her tail bobbed and danced in delight on the short walk home. The radio postgame show was on and she heard the final word before turning it off.

It's a new ball game, folks. Expect more anthros to be signed and fast. I guarantee it. There's noooooo doubt about it!



Assumptions

Avin Teller

"Dude, what if he hits a home run right now?"

"Then I'll miss it," I said, climbing over him.

Despite spending so much money on these tickets, I'm gonna miss more of this game than I would at home. I can't wait any longer, I have to go. Thanks to Chris insisting we buy the pitcher of beer, I've been holding it in all inning.

After that last out, now is my chance. One out left in the inning, nobody on bases, and freakin' Mark Mologan up to bat. He is one of the worst hitters of the entire Flyers' roster. If I leave after the last out, I'll never get through the bathroom line in time. The Flyers

are down one, but it's only the fifth inning. I'm not going to miss much by skipping Mark getting struck out.

I'm not saying that because he's a mouse or anything. But statistically, it's still true. As I walk down the steps and turn towards the exit, I see a mouse family giving me a bit of the stink eye. I feel bad, it was a big deal that Mark Mologan was the first mouse on the Flyers team in franchise history. He has faced way too much prejudice from fans and fellow players.

Besides holding my crotch and bouncing down the steps like a cartoon character, I don't know if there is any oth-

er way for me to communicate "I'm not leaving because the mouse is up to bat. I just gotta pee!"

I do notice though that once I get into the tunnel, the others around me are all super-buff macho stags, bulls, and wolves. Again, not to be judgmental or stereotype the local jock, but they're talking and laughing loudly and don't seem to give a damn about the game. Are these people in the same situation as me, or are they still participating in that same speciest garbage and walking out of the game whenever somebody from a species they didn't like comes up to bat?



Maybe I should have waited. I push the thought out of my mind as I look for the restroom sign. Right after I find it, I overhear from the loud speaker "Strike one!"

Luckily, there is barely anyone in the bathroom, and I stand at the urinal between two bulls. As a slender fox, I'm probably about half their weight and stand about a foot shorter than either of them. They don't seem even to notice and continue their conversation with each other while they

pee.

"Man, why can't you just admit when you don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"I can say the same to you!" the other smirks as he steps back and walks towards the sinks.

"Just meet up with her already! She might be really nice."

I try not to pay too close attention to their private conversation. After I finish I turn around and see the two of

them blocking the path to the sink still in a heated debate with each other.

"Uh, excuse me" I say, holding out my paws hoping they'll get the gesture.

"Oh, perfect. Help me set my friend here straight."

"I just need to wash my hands," I mutter. They still don't move.

"Yeah, you're a fox. Tell him how much of a jerk he is."

I look at both at them, and neither moves.

I hear the crowd above us make noise. Sounds like maybe a pop fly ball.

The first one seemed to take my silence as agreement from me. Either that or he didn't care. "Look, it's simple. This fox we know, hot vixen, she found my MateHowler profile and sent me a wink. Then we started talking..."

"Because she likes you! Why else would she talk to you on MateHowler?"

"Shut up, we're asking him, right? Besides, I'm not saying she isn't..." he drifts off for a second, waving his arms in the air like he can't find the words to describe what he is thinking. His muscles flex as he does, and I can tell both of these guys must spend a large percentage of their life in the gym. That, or do some heavy lifting for work. They could probably snap me like a twig. He remembers I'm waiting in front of them, holding my hands out still.

"Look, what do you think it means?"

"What do I think... what means?" I say, confused.

"You know!" he says,



making gestures similar to how he did before. "Is she just, I don't know, doing one of her flirty vixen things you foxes do, or is she actually into me?"

I stare blankly at the both of them. Neither of them budes. I notice there is a rabbit behind me, also waiting to wash his paws.

"Move aside."

"What?" they ask.

I walk forward, pressing my paws on each of their arms pushing them aside and finally walking past them. They realize, probably for the first time, they were in our way. A small line walks past them and to the empty sinks.

After I finish drying my hands, I notice both of them looking at their arms where I just touched them. They're standing on either side of the bathroom now, and as I walk

past them I turn around.

"I don't know if you know this, but not all foxes know each other."

They start to interrupt me, but I hold up my paw and wait for them to shut up before I continue.

"I have no idea what your fox friend is like, what she said to you, or what she might have meant. But, I can give you this bit of general advice."

I let the rabbit walk past me before continuing.

"Don't date her. Not because she's leading you on or anything. I don't know. But I do know that based on my last few minutes with you, she probably deserves better."

Their eyes go wide, and a smile grows on my face. I turn around and walk out of the bathroom.

They both follow me and try to stammer out something about how rude I was to them. I can't fully make it out through the roar of the crowd. The loudspeaker announcement a moment later is barely audible.

"Home run!!!"



The Payoff Pitch

Kijani

A professional baseball season is a grueling marathon, and nobody knew that better than the Pittsburgh Panthers' star first baseman Bayer "Bear" Heinz. A hulking Grizzly at well over six feet and 230 pounds, Bear had worked hard during the offseason to get his chiseled body in prime shape for the long grind. At his age of 35, many major-leaguers tend to slow down, but Bear was an exception to the rule. He was having a career year, batting .310 with a National League-leading 46 home runs.

Born and raised in suburban Pittsburgh, Bear was the

definition of a hometown hero. In his tenth season with the team, he had led the Panthers to their first World Series in nearly four decades. And after all of the preseason workouts, Spring Training, 162 games of the regular season and battling their way through the playoffs, the Panthers' entire year would come down to this at-bat.

It was the bottom of the ninth inning in the winner-take-all Game 7 of the World Series, with the home team down 10-8 to the New York Yaks, whose closer had just loaded the bases on a two-out walk. In front of more than

40,000 screaming fans at the Panthers' home park on a chilly October night, Bear had a chance to win it with one swing of the bat.

The Yaks' closer, a flamethrowing bull named Dartmouth whose fastball could reach triple digits on occasion, was one of the few pitchers who had had Bear's number this season. However, after facing each other several times during interleague play, during the All-Star Game and also earlier in the series, Bear had a good idea of what he was about to face with the season on the line.



As he took his final practice swings in the on-deck circle, the fans' resounding chant of "BAY-ER! BAY-ER" started to echo throughout the stadium. It would be nearly impossible for any mortal being not to be nervous in this situation, and Bear's heart started to beat more rapidly in his chest. After all, the Panthers had never even been to a World Series, much less won one, since their last title in 1979.

The Yaks had their outfielders deep back towards the fence - a strategic move by their manager. In case the ball found a gap, it would be unlikely that all three of the Panthers' baserunners would score to win the game. Upon seeing that, Bear knew that to end the contest right then and

there, he would have to knock one out of the park. Bear dug his cleats into the batter's box, and gave the imposing bull a long stare. Baseball, particularly when hitting, is as much a mental game as any sport, dependent on studying the opposition's tendencies and guessing not only the type of pitch, but also the location.

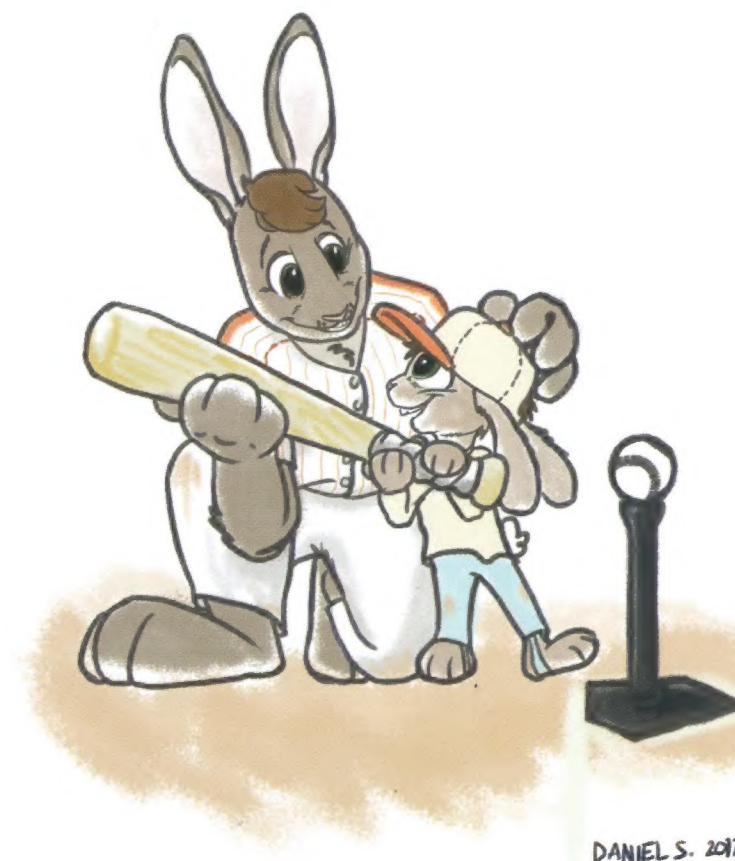
Bear knew that Dartmouth liked to throw a first-pitch fastball to try and get ahead in the count, and he was ready for it. The bull fired towards the plate and Bear took a mighty hack, only to foul the ball straight back into the netting behind home plate as the crowd let out a groan. "OH-AND-ONE!" signaled the umpire, a veteran wolf with more than 20 years of experience

calling balls and strikes. The Yaks' catcher tossed a new ball to Dartmouth, and the bull and bear prepared to do battle again.

Behind in the count, Bear knew he couldn't afford to miss another pitch like that last offering. The bull started his wind-up and Bear tensed, expecting the horned anthro to get him to "chase" an off-speed pitch. As if he wrote the script himself, the ball started out over the plate and dove sharply away, the lupine umpire yelling "ONE-AND-ONE!" after tossing the dirty ball towards the dugout.

The next two pitches also missed, one fastball inside and another curve low-and-away. Dartmouth would have gotten most inexperienced batters to go after the curveball, but Bear knew better, and he was rewarded with a favorable hitter's count of three balls, one strike. Bear mentally prepared himself for the 3-1 pitch, knowing that Dartmouth would have to throw the ball over the plate. "If it's close, swing," he told himself.

With the Panther runners taking their leads, the right-handed bull hurled the ball and Bear saw the sphere start directly towards him, signaling the pitch would be inside. He kept the bat on his shoulder, but the ball, as if it had a mind of its own, danced back over the corner of the plate. "STEEEEEERIKE TWO," bellowed the umpire as Bear winced, with what sounded like the entire city of Pittsburgh booing in disgust at the borderline call.



DANIEL S. 2017

With the count now full, the stage was set for Bear's heroics or failure. Being the veteran hitter he was, Bear called timeout, not to play mind games or "ice" Dartmouth, but rather to collect his thoughts and settle his nerves. During the short break, Bear's thoughts wandered to his childhood, playing Cub League baseball with his friends during the hot and humid Pittsburgh summers. While it was more than 20 years ago, Bear remembered the time he hit a game-winning home run to win the Steel City League Championship, and the joyous feeling of his teammates mobbing him at the plate in celebration after he rounded the bases. A feeling he desperately missed.

That flashback reminded him that even though he was now being paid millions to do it, he was still just playing a game that he loved, and it helped put his mind at ease. In the back of his mind, however, he wanted to be a hero. Not for himself, but for the Panthers

organization and more importantly, the city of Pittsburgh.

Bear was snapped out of his reverie when the umpire barked "Play ball!" to signal the resuming of play. As Bear dug in one final time, Dartmouth seemed uneasy on the mound, shaking off several signs from the Yaks' catcher before finally deciding on a pitch. Bear knew a fastball was coming, and that it would be over the plate. A pitch he would not miss.

Dartmouth started his wind-up, and fired towards his catcher's outstretched mitt. The split-second that Bear had to decide whether or not to swing seemed in slow-motion as he visualized the ball coming in from the moment it left the bull's hand. The muscled Grizzly let the bat rip, and he felt solid contact.

The ball flew towards left field in a high arc. Everyone in the stadium, along with the millions watching on television sets around the world, held their collective breath. Bear knew it had a good chance to clear the fence, but nothing

is for certain in the game of baseball - many a home run swing had been denied in the past by the heavy, cool October air and wind blowing in from left field. Bear was approaching first base as he looked up and saw the Yaks' left fielder, an athletic cheetah who had robbed him of a home run earlier in the year, time his leap at the wall.

The feline jumped with all his might, and the ball glanced off the webbing of his glove, bouncing into the first row of bleachers. The spotted cat tumbled to the ground in despair after his failed attempt, realizing the Panthers had won.

The stadium erupted in deafening, thunderous cheers. Bear raised his arms to the heavens in triumph, and the night sky lit up in fireworks shot from the nearby Allegheny River. As he rounded second base, tears welled up in his eyes as he thought about his father Henry, who had passed away earlier in the season. The elder Heinz played profes-

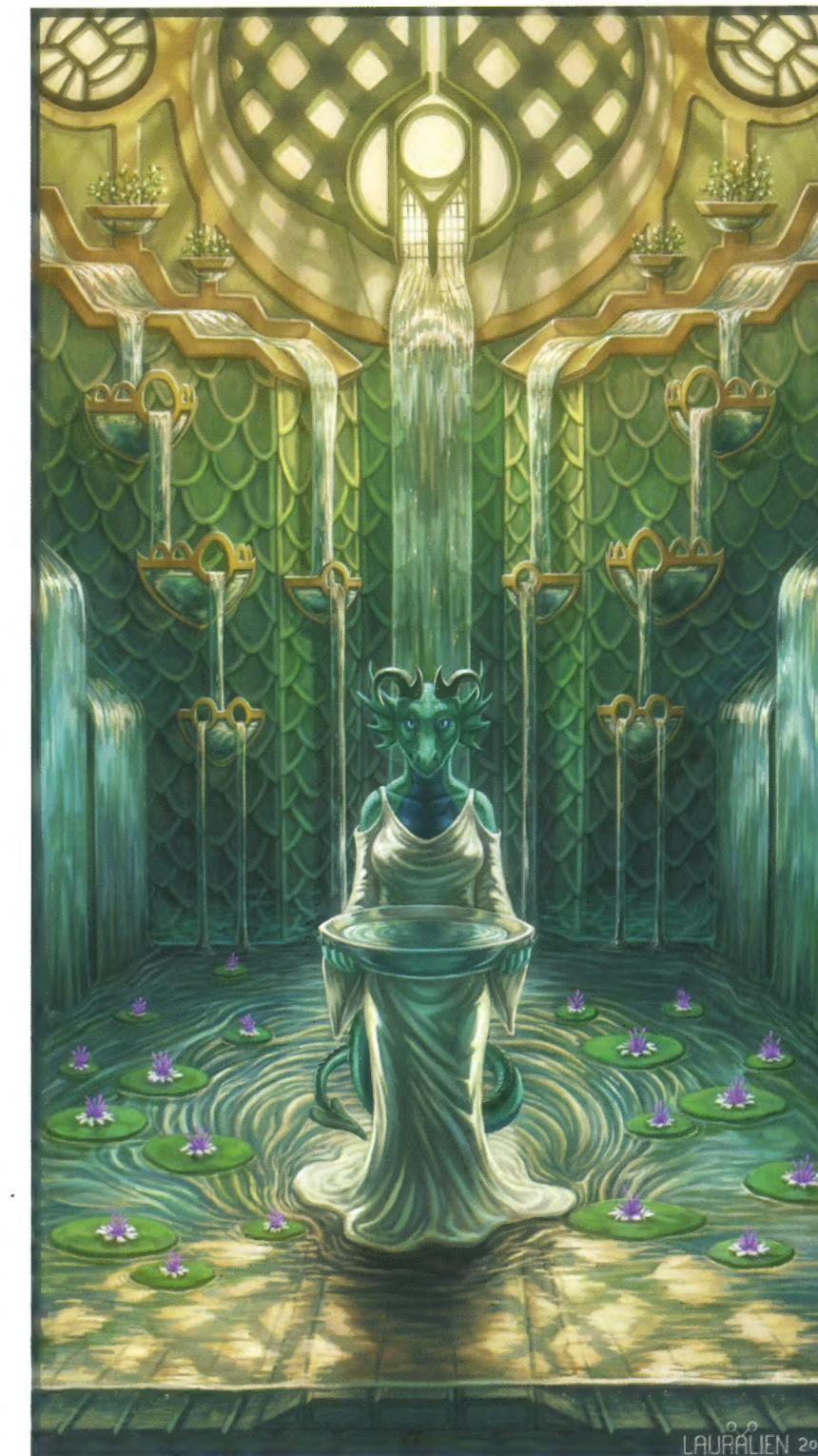
sional baseball for 20 seasons but never won a World Series, something that he had desperately wanted for his son. It wasn't until he looked up at the Jumbotron and saw it flashing "PANTHERS WIN WORLD SERIES" that it really sunk in. He had hit a grand slam home run to make them world champions, breaking a nearly 40-year curse.

His teammates mobbed him at home plate, with the entire stadium resuming its "BAY-ER" chant as the ursine hero basked in his moment of glory, swept away in a sea of

black and gold jerseys. Amid the chaos of cameras, ecstatic teammates, and the dejected Yaks clearing the field for the postgame celebration, Bear glanced up to the stadium's box seats, where his eyes met those of a smartly-dressed, middle-aged fox, standing and

applauding his lover's incredible feat.

A broad smile across his visage, Bear's husband Mark, never one to show much emotion, wiped a tear from his eye as he whispered to himself, "Proud of ya, Bear. Proud of ya."



Anthrocon 2017 Staff

Alien, D.I.
Security

Alkali
Programming
A ferret in a top hat, just like the ones at the zoo.

Allan C. Jacokes
Security
Loves coming to Anthrocon every year!

Allison Ruby
Security
This is my eighth AC; can't wait to see you all again!

Amaruq
Internet
Avid woodworker and IT Security Director when not working in the Internet Room. Volunteering at Anthrocon since the Adams Mark and Wyse terminal days.

Andrew Eulberg
Programming

Anita Muth
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Mother of the Leopard, Giza. Works for Lehigh Valley Hospital Network. Mother, grandmother, singer, friend.

Arrow Quivershaft
Programming

Ashe Valisca
Programming
Ashe is returning again to work with the Programming team to provide you with the best Anthrocon possible. He's a tiger on a mission and he won't strike out.

B. Gabriel Helou, D.I.
Security
Rather than spend time on the beach with a cold beer and a cheeseburger, Gabe is once again spending his vacation time volunteering at Anthrocon. Psychologists have yet to agree on why this keeps happening.

Ben "Blithe" Cook
Operations
WPAFW! WPAFW! WPAFW!
WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
FURRY WEEKEND!
October 20-22, 2017 at North Park Lodge!
www.wpafw.org for more info.

BGS
Programming
Congoer since 2008, staff since 2014. Gaming is a big part of my life, so when I'm not working in Video Gaming I can often be found in the Tabletop room.

Bic Lee
Programming
Interprefur five years and counting!

Bismarck
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Lawyer, baker, gamer, and dungeon master. Find him wandering the Artists' Alley with a vacant expression, rambling about display sizes, a lack of snakes, and which copy of the receipt you should keep.

Bork sometimes styled the Indestructible
Security
An active SF fan since 1971, anime fan since Speed Racer, private pilot single engine land

and sea, and SCUBA diver since 1959. Been to eight European countries, Japan, S. Korea, China, 48 States, and eight Provinces.

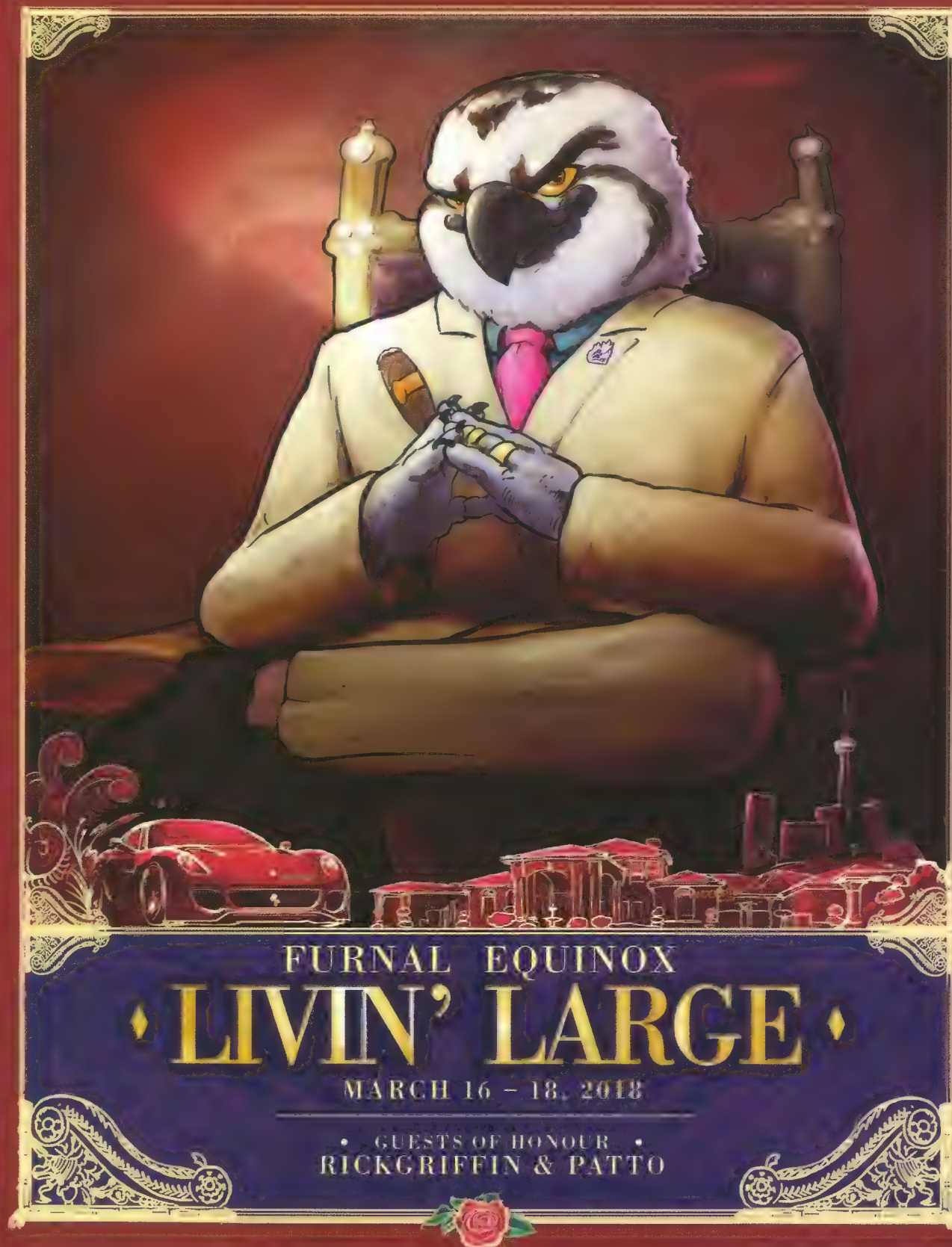
Boven
Registration
Large mooing object, often found at registration or under cork trees.

Brian "Rigel" Harris
Charity
Brian, originally from upstate NY, has been active in the fan community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a college student and now resides in metro DC. He has been the Charity Director for 21 years, has DJ'd at various cons for 17 years, and was previously the Masquerade Director for 10 years.

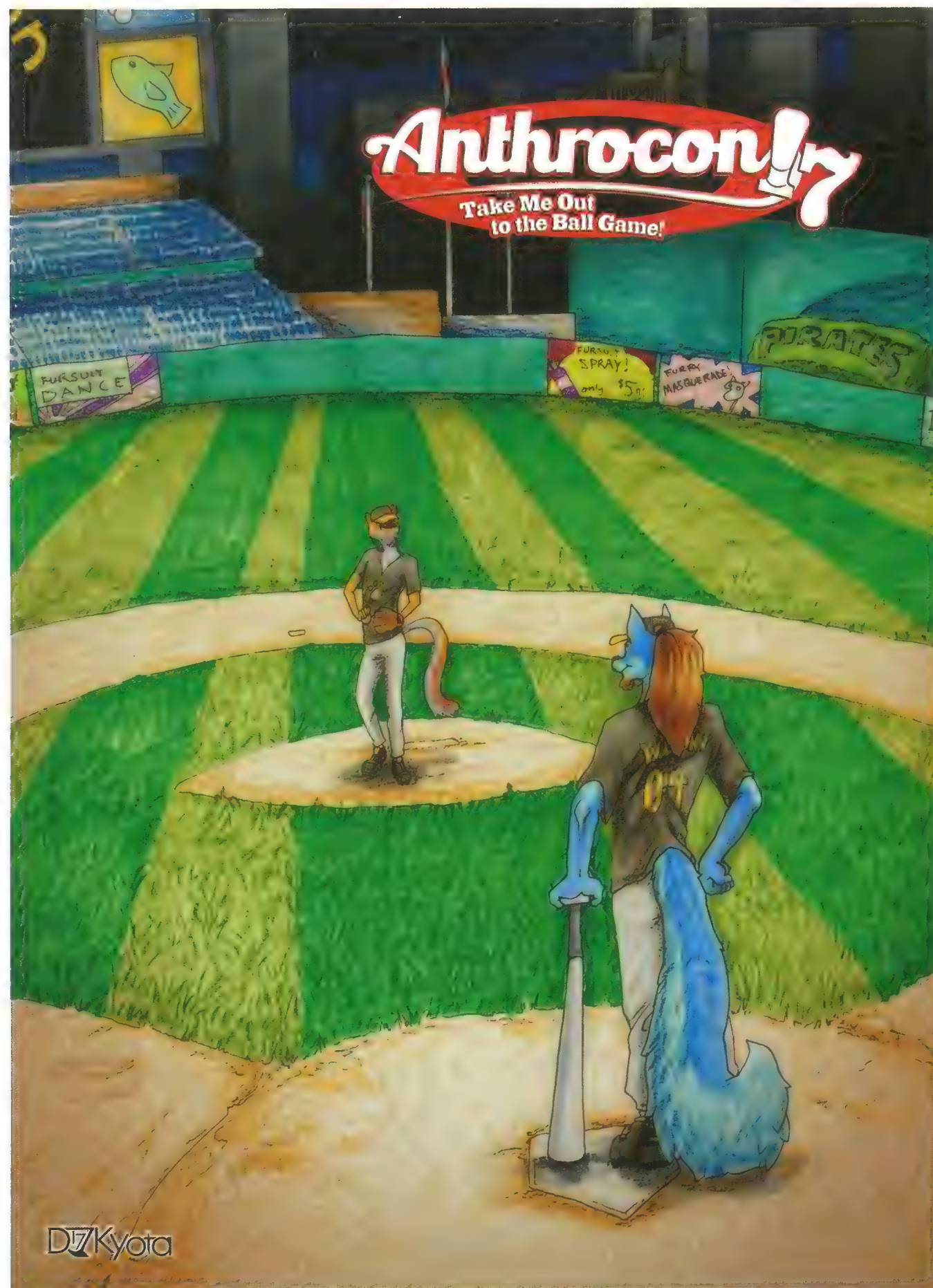
BrotherEnvy
Security
Hotel manager, occasional security guard, professional line wrangler. This is my fourth year attending Anthrocon and I'm looking forward to deepening my love/hate relationship with the elevators.

BSmart
Security

Cage "CajunFox" Rinaldi
Dealers' Room
Cajun's been working with AC since the mid 2000s, getting satisfaction making sure everyone has a good time and enjoys themselves! He also helps out with MFF, Camp Feral (the best con in Canada!) and used



Visit us at FURNALEQUINOX.COM



to run the London based furry con Condition! Friendly and approachable, he loves meeting new folks and sharing stories, especially if gin or scotch are involved. Be sure to say hi or even ask for a hug!

Carlton L Hurdle Jr
Artists' Alley/Con Store

Shy is from New Jersey, and is a furry team veteran now. He can be seen at Artist Alley, practicing bat swings, ball pitches, or checking out attendees at the register. He's always on the lookout for a hot dog too.

Carol "Mamasan" Gobeyn, D.I.
Security

Caveman Bob
Security

Celtic Kitty
Charity

Chaaralis
Registration

Chittebengo
Show Office
Kittykittykittykitty

Chris "Sparf" Williams
Programming
An actor, writer, and proud geek, who somehow ropes himself into new and exciting duties in new and exciting places.

Chris Foxx
Art Show
In his 21st year in the fandom, he is the author of the furry classic "Sabrina Online: The Story" plus other furry odds and ends. He also draws furry art for the 18+ crowd as Bond-oFox.

Chris Sandusky / DonQuixote
Security

Chrissy
Security

Cool Dog
Art Show
A cool dog full of energy and ready to tackle the day with his shades on, and arms crossed.

Coolgy Furlough
Audio/Visual

Corso
Programming
My first year at the con was in 2008: I've kept coming from Italy since then! Worth every single mile, believe me. Even if my English is not quite perfect, I can always use my paws to communicate!

Cosmik
Registration
Cosmik has been entertaining the fandom since his first con in 2011, and performs not only as a charter member of Bandthro, but also with his partner, Rhubarb the Bear. His dead dog pub sings at Anthrocon are legendary. Cosmik is currently at work on an epic three-album recording project (www.patreon.com/Cosmik). To keep up to date on this and other projects, follow @The-RealCosmik on Twitter.

Crossbow
Registration
Just another dragon back for another year of fun and excitement.

Cuprohastes
Publications
If you can find him, and tell him the secret phrase ("Super-hats Co."), legend has it that

he'll tell you how to make an excellent cup of tea. Then steal your soul. But hey. Tea!

Da Real Crazy Furret
Art Show
Wild furret can be spotted zipping around the art show. Furret might appear randomly while walking through con space or the wilds of the city. It corners its foes with its speed.

Dana
Security

Daniel "Davin" Pawlowski
Operations

Danielle
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Mother of five, including one furry, hence my involvement. I enjoy anime, Doctor Who, and 80s alternative music.

Darkclaw
Internet
Darkclaw has been staffing Anthrocon since 2000. Originally from the UK, he was captured by a gryphon (Tyrrlin) and forced into labor in the USA. Come and talk WoW to him ;)

David M Stein, D.I.
Security
"Good morning, Doctor Chandra, This is HAL. I am ready for my first lesson."

Daxter
Programming
Daxter here. Red panda dog thing versed in way too much for my own good. I love IT, crafting/building, cooking, camping, reading, and movies/TV shows. seven years in the fandom and now working with my fifth con! Lorem ip-

sum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Etiam nunc metus, elementum id pharetra vitae, eleifend id tortor. Sed ultrices feugiat pellentesque. Pellentesque sed ligula sem. Phasellus hendrerit porta porta. Aliquam efficitur bibendum lacus.

Debbie G.
Security

Decker
Operations

Delphi Vinn
Artists' Alley/Con Store

Draggor
Programming
Draggor has been working both on stage and behind the scenes at many cons over the

years, but especially as a new co-host to the Masquerade at last year's Anthrocon.

Dryw
Art Show

DT Rodriguez
Security

Durango Dingo
Artists' Alley/Con Store
I love fursuiting and live in Jacksonville, Florida. I have been active in the fandom since 2005 and have served on staff for several cons and organized many events over the years in Florida and Georgia. I have been attending Anthrocon since 2006.

Eleanor Troup
Security

Erik Jasper Blue Rosengarten
Programming
Designer, photographer, and Anthrocon veteran of 18 years, Erik returns this year to assist the Programming team. Past years have involved assisting Anthrocon's Art Show, A/V, Charity Auction, Lost and Found Tracking, Masquerade, Operations, Registration, Security, and website. To view photography work please visit the Blue Canary Photography gallery located at www.facebook.com/bluecanaryphotography.

Fiend
Programming



FIRE FOX
Registration
Hi! Just your average bright colored fox. I also have several other fursuits that you may have seen (black & white husky, mint chocolate chip and Hell Wolf). Not bad for a gray muzzle!

Fizz Otter
Audio/Visual

FreezeFrame Badger
Audio/Visual
Use the 2 boxes below to enter your staff biography. Total allowable length for your staff biography is 510 characters (including spaces). Each of the boxes below allow 255 characters. Start your biography in the first box and continue it in the second box if needed.

Frost
Operations

Gabi
Registration
Gabi, also known as "the tea girl" or "the lady with the fox hat", is an All-Purpose Fox. This means she can answer any question. Accuracy of the answer or even a connection to the question are not guaranteed. She's also equal-opportunity friendly; she can help you get your con stuff in English or in Spanish, and she may offer you tea and/or cookies if you find her at the right time.

Gallon
Operations

Gen.Talon
Audio/Visual
Just a board otter trying to look busy.

Genepi
Registration
Genepi is a returning staff member from California. She likes giving and receiving hugs! :)

Giza (Douglas Muth)
Technology
Software Engineer, AWS, Splunk, Rust, nodejs, White Mage, Staff @ Anthrocon, MWFF, Eurofurence, and others. Eagle Scout. 28% cheetah.

Glelin
Art Show
Glelin loves chatting with people! If you end up in a conversation with him, you can expect him to ask "What do you do for fun? What are some of your hobbies?" He is a Web Developer by trade, and a Parkour practitioner by hobby. Glelin's favorite thing to do at Anthrocon is to see old friends and meet new ones :)

GRANDMA KAGE
Operations

Hawkeye
Security
Dorsai Irregular since the beginning in 1974. Herding Trekkies, SF fans and furies ever since. I have lost many friends to the squirrels...

Heidi Pilewski aka Greyse
Art Show
Proud to be serving on Anthrocon staff for my 10th year in the Art Show.

Hengstolf
Programming
This is Hengstolf's fifth year working on staff for Anthro-



con, usually found manning up the headless zones, fursuit badge table or running the bases doing numerous other tasks. Although he is always busy, he is always ready for that seventh inning stretch to enjoy a cool beverage. You can be assured, this big horsey hybrid will hit a grand slam home run every time

Hugmonster

Art Show

I am me. Art Show and Disney junkie... SO to Crossbow for 21 years now.

Huscoon

Programming

Huscoon has been involved in the furry fandom since 2001. Originally from Ohio, Huscoon's character is just that, a husky-raccoon hybrid. He bought his first fursuit back in 2004 and has staffed several conventions since 2008. In real life, Huscoon has a bachelor's degree from The Ohio State University and currently resides in Chicagoland where he works as a business analyst. His hobbies include sports, statistics, baking, and being social.

Ian Keith

Show Office

Used to run the DDR tournament, helped out with other panels, now random staff stuff... what can't this guy do? Anything actually helpful.

Ianus J. Wolf

Programming

Ianus J. Wolf is a furry writer with a few extra talents who has been coordinating our Writing track for the past few years. His stories have been featured in several anthologies from furry publishers and he

has edited a few anthologies in the fandom as well.

Icy

Programming

Working the Masquerade since 2012, and loving every minute of it!

Jade Fitzgerald - Haybuck

Technology

Jade has been working conventions since BronyCon Summer 2012. She's worked in all manner of departments, from founding DrawnCon and chairing BABSCon to acting as Director of Public Relations, Operations, Staff Services, Logistics, and much more. She's also the chairperson of the Rights and Democracy Political Action Committee in New Hampshire, a member of their Bi-State Board of Directors, a volunteer EMT, and a Data Analyst.

James, D.I.

Security

Javanne, D.I.

Security

Providing adult supervision since 1974

Jay Rose

Security

"Badge, badge, badge."

Jeff "RebelSquirl" Pierce

Registration

Reb has attended Anthrocon since 1999 and has served on the Registration staff for the past several years. A teacher, writer, flight sim enthusiast, and historian, the fandom has allowed him to combine many of his interests and share them with others. When he's not on duty behind the Reg Desk, look for him in the Dealers' Room seeking commissions from the artists there. We hope you enjoy AC 2017!



John "Joatmon" Lindgren

Art Show

I fix medical equipment for a living. In '74, a defibrillator was the size of a large stereo. Now, due to a heart issue, I have one in my shoulder the size of an iPod. Tech is wonderful and scary.

John Cole

Programming

Has been an attendee of Anthrocon since 1999, on the Board of Directors since 2004. Fursuiter, puppeteer, and loves a good ribeye steak. Just a Kuddly puppy at heart. :)

Kamau D Lyon

Art Show

A fun loving Barbary Lion who became aware of furry in the '90s. He's certainly a gray muzzle but still young at heart. His interests are writing, fursuit-

ing, puppets and art. At cons he's usually on staff (mostly Art Show). He can take a joke and will give as good as he gets in puns. He is not a party animal preferring to share some good conversation with friends over a beer or as he prefers English cider. He is a MilFur (Marines/Navy) and has a long list of life experiences.

KarlXydexxJorgensen

Publications

Karl has been an active and enthusiastic Furry fan since 1993, and this will be his 14th year serving as Publications Director. In his free time, he enjoys riding his recumbent bicycle, exploring abandoned buildings, and creating mail art. He maintains a webpage about Furry fandom at www.furryfandom.info and can be found on Twitter as @XydexxUnicorn.



Kay Jarrell D.I.

Security

"Who's on First?" Supersponsors. The rest of the team line-up in batting order! "What's on Second?" Beer call in the bar, time TBD. On third: "I Don't Know" but if he is misbehaving' he's gonna have to talk to Renegade, "Tomorrow." Have fun, don't hit anyone with your bats, or balls. Why? "Because." When are we gonna sleep? "I Don't Care."

Kaze Velara

Programming

Just a blue snow leopard that does the video game things.

Kazee Fullford - Agent of Karma

Programming

Retired scenic designer, actor, computer repair technician, landlord, gunsmith, emergency medical technician and all around super genius. Been doing this "Fluffie" thing since my parents had their first parent-teacher conference for me biting the other kindergartners. Now I'm the Masquerade "roadie." Just look for the denim jacket with the hot rod paint job and the giant red "K."

Kess

Dealers' Room

Dealers' room helper burd. Scratches accepted, but watch your fingers, I bite.

Kevin Sonney

Security

Husband of @ursulav, Co-host of Kevin and Ursula Eat Cheap, host of Alchemist In The Evening, voice of Rev Mord, and coffee snob.

Kijani

Publications

A friendly lion who's thrilled to



Mark Bernstein

Security

Mark Bernstein does not wish to discuss the incident.

Mark Shapiro

Logistics

Meagan 'Magome' Wallace-Tabb

Security

Mel. White

Security

Mel White was adopted by Greatmother Coyote, which is why she's spent most of her life practicing to become Very Peculiar. She recently retired from her long career as an Accidental Space Pirate and has settled into the role of Minecraft and Warcraft addict. Her hobbies include arguing with people on Internet and earning academic degrees in Egyptology.

Michael Stephenson

Security

Mike Pierce

Charity

MiltoniusPrime

Programming

Maybe next year.

Morgain CrochetTiger

Operations

Moth Monarch Publications

Draws bugs, talks to bugs, raises bugs, is a bug! Artist, dealer, and adventurer. Drew the hotel mascot standees. Go to artist when mischief needs making.

MountainBlue FoxJoe

Registration

Crazy as a fox, baby! Part of the Untamed World also lives in

a mine tunnel. Plus, I can fix anything except marriages.

NachtWolf

Security

This will be NachtWolf's third year on staff. NachtWolf works in the civil engineering field and volunteers in emergency services. He spends a lot of his free time working on fursuits, playing airsoft, and hanging out with friends.

Nathan

Security

Nathaniel Saberfang

Operations

Nepal

Logistics

Nepal has been on staff since AC 2011. He started in the logistics department and still loves working in that department. When he isn't working, he can be found in his plush snow leopard suit, running around, giving hugs and making people smile.

Nevermint

Registration

Nicona Shadowwolf

Registration

Ninth year attending Anthrocon, second year as Director of Registration. Timber Wolf, fursuiter, glutton for punishment.

North

Programming

Oddy

Audio/Visual

Oma

Registration

Osee DeSantis

Programming

This season marks Osee's "seventh inning" (year) with the Anthrocon team and he's very excited to be the return hitter as the Guest of Honor Liaison. During the Anthrocon offseason, Osee can be found on stage or behind the microphone in pursuit of his passion for acting and voiceover. Osee is also a member of the United States Army National Guard and sends a salute to all Mil-Furs in attendance.

Oz Tigah

Operations

Panel Monster

Audio/Visual

I'll help you with tech in the panels! Then I'll eat you!*

*Eating not guaranteed

Panzier

Internet

So many years in so many places, yet here we go again for another awesome Anthrocon!

Paradox Wolf

Audio/Visual

PeterCat

Art Show

PeterCat was born in the heart of a typical main-sequence O-type star untold eons ago. After a difficult childhood spent fusing into heavier and heavier elements, he eventually broke out to become an organic life form on planet Earth, one of the less well-known hominidae. He began helping out at conventions many years ago, hoping to get laid. He's still hoping.

Pheagle Adler

Registration

Anthro Bald Eagle from eastern

PA who enjoys football and fursuiting. Has attended AC since 2013 and on staff since 2014. Spot him in Registration before the con or in suit during the con.

Phil Keck

Art Show

This fennec fox has been attending AC since 2009 and will once again work with the fine Art Show staff. Besides his furry identity, Safler mentors at Western Governors University, and plays trumpet in a Toledo, OH ska/punk band with Rakedu.

Prince Kiraasha

Art Show

Prince K is a friendly tiger who can usually be found lurking (helping out in?) the art show. He enjoys reconnecting with old friends and making new ones! 2017 will be his ninth AC

overall and the second on staff.

protocollie

Programming

The amount of hair on my head varies primarily based on whether or not I have recently received a haircut.

Quack Quack Honk

Security

Rakedu

Art Show

Hi, I'm a tiger from Michigan. I work in the art show. Come say hi!

Randorn

Registration

Mew? *sniffs the mic confused*
Con piccies at randorn.com.

Raven1841

Audio/Visual

Raymond

Security

Rebar

Security

[REDACTED]

Security

[redacted] has provided Security support for Anthrocon for [redacted] years, with focus on [redacted] and [redacted] area suppression support roles.

This is his circus, these are his monkeys.

Shai Dorsai

Reese

Logistics

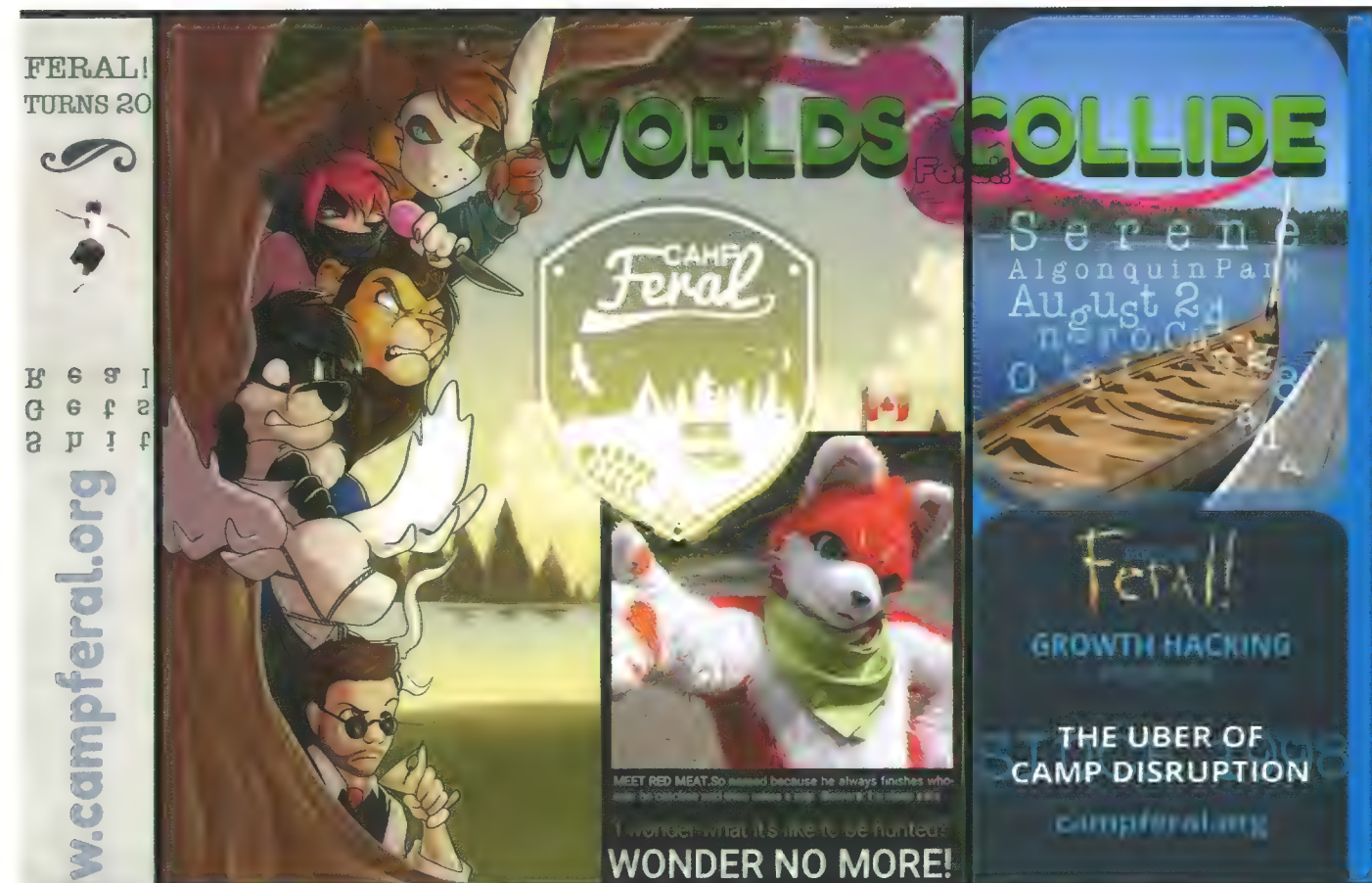
Renegade

Security

Rewa Rukario

Programming

Rukario, a wolf from The Great White North, believes in hav-



ing fun, giving hugs, and making others smile. He also, like other wolves, appreciates a good howl. :)^^

Rhonin, D.I.
Security

Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong
Dealers' Room

Meef! Chiaroscuro continues being on the Board for the tenth year. For some reason. :) He continues to dwell in Connecticut, and should all go as planned, he'll be married by the time this is printed. o/~ Nobody does it better / makes me feel sad for the rest / nobody does it half as good as you / baby you're the beeeest o/~

Robert "Harbinger" Palmer D.I.
Security

Ronnie
Programming
Part Chinese, Part Dragon. All noodles.

Rook
Programming
South Carolina fur that is responsible for organizing and planning local meets particularly around Columbia

Rooth
Dealers' Room
Huge art fan and avid commissioner of over 100 artists per year, casual fursuiter, veteran of the fandom. Serving artists at Anthrocon for nearly 10 years, this former head of Artists' Alley will be exploring how things work in the Dealers' Den in 2017. Rooth is thinking of taking up brewing beer and roasting coffee beans. If you know this stuff, track him down in the Dealers' Den and

school him with your wisdom!

Ryuusin Ackaneru
Programming
A nine-tailed dragon fox who's been working the Masquerade since 2010. Doing my part to help the show run as smooth as possible with fellow staff and volunteers who come to help.

RyuuYouki
Security

Sage Firefox
Publications
Supreme Overlord of Pittsburgh. World domination is a very trying endeavor.

Salem Wolf
Programming
We come together once more for our 21st annual Anthrocon, the world's largest Furry convention at the David L Law-

rence Convention Center with this year's theme "Take me out to the ball game". I'll be working the Fursuit Games in Programming once more with my friend Sharky and we plan to have some fun and interesting baseball themed games for all to enjoy. So if you are a fursuiter, we'd love to have you come join us for the Recess and Team Fursuit games which will be over at the Westin Hotel...Toodles!

Sandy Schreiber
Security

Scott "Talyn" Williams
Logistics
"This year our members have

put more things on top of other things than ever before. But, I should warn you, this is no time for complacency. No, there are still many things, and I cannot emphasize this too strongly, NOT on top of other things. I myself, on my way here this evening, saw a thing that was NOT on top of another thing in ANY WAY. "
-Graham Chapman

"Sgt. Steve" Simmons
Security
Sgt. Steve has been working SF, gaming, and Furry conventions for over 40 years. Clearly he does not learn from experience. He is owned by three cats, two grandchildren, and

one wife. There are children and in-laws, but they're on their own.

Shadow
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Artists' Alley and Convention Store director, and supplemental tech support to other departments.

Sharky
Programming
This is the 15th year for this shark attending the Anthrocon convention. In that time I have seen and been involved in fursuit design and construction, Programming, Assistant Director and running the Fursuit Games. I pride myself on being the nicest shark.

Sharon
Artists' Alley/Con Store

ShiroTora aka James Eden
Art Show

James "ShiroTora" Eden is an unusually tall anthropomorphic white tiger that does a very good impression of an unusually tall human. He was born in 1974 and as of this writing is not yet dead. One of these years this statement will be tragically ironic. He dabbles in photo-manipulation, writing fiction, voice acting, improv, button-mongering, sculpture, and most recently the painting of ceramics. As of this writing none of these things generate enough income to live on. While writing this he ran out of

Siku
Show Office
kittykittykittykitty



Simon Fox

Audio/Visual

Another day working at Anthrocon. Everyone keeps asking me if they can touch Kage's lab coat. Buddy, they won't even let me touch it.

SnowQueen TigerClaw

Registration

Snowie is an assistant director of registration and has been for three years now. She started as a volunteer in 2009 and quickly got the staff infection. But not as bad as her husband, Nicon, who is Registration Director.

Spangler

Registration

Spikeo

Audio/Visual

SteelTheWarrior

Programming

Steel is a mouse with a penchant for all things creative and understanding. Whilst diligently working towards his Psychology degree, he builds fantastic worlds for the tabletop games that he develops to share with furs and friends alike! Inspiration, excitement and humor are what he loves to spread, so feel free to offer hugs or conversation when you see him either running tabletop games, or fursuiting about!

Steven T.

Security

Looking forward to a great convention as always.

Tane

Audio/Visual

Canis Lupus Bailey (not

a kitty) who likes to take things apart and make them misbehave. I do general A/V, streaming, and IT at furcons here and there. Also a fan of Oddy

Tango

Security

Designated responsible adult.

Tasia

Show Office

kittykittykittykitty

Tawny

Operations

Artist, dragonologist, computer geek. Likes warm hugs and cold drinks. Originally from Michigan, Tawny has been a local Pittsburgh furry and Anthrocon Operations team member since 2013.

Fursona: Dragoncat, Vaporeon



TerkWolf

Audio/Visual

Theater Lighting Designer/Programmer

The Foxish

Dealers' Room

Now in his 14th year making the capitalist gears of Anthrocon's Dealers' Room tick, The Foxish helps ensure that our vendors are happy, our merch is plentiful, and that there's no energy drinks anywhere on the Concourse. Set rabbits to vibrate!

Thomas Muth

Artists' Alley/Con Store

Father of the Leopard, Giza. Retired. Father, grandfather, singer, friend.

Thorfax

Registration

It's past my bedtime

Threach

Artists' Alley/Con Store

This is the second year that Threach has made her way to AC. Last year was because Shadow helped her pass her Java class; this year is because she can. She knows little

to nothing about baseball, and swears that the score is measured in baseball units.

Tigerwolf

Internet

Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and MUCK hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

TimeSuppression

Audio/Visual

Tracey "Stormy"

Bealer

Charity

A caffeine dependent life-form.

Trailblazer

Security

Trevor Boyd

Charity

Buy more raffle tickets! Arf!

Trianine

Security

Professional button masher moonlighting as an elevator operator.

TROUBLE

Security

turtyl

Programming

...when turtyl landed, there was a huge armoured vehicle. This was not just any vehicle, but one designed for the ultimate challenge against the radioactive mutants living under the Earth's crust. Your mission is to fight your way and destroy the Plutonium Boss.

Tyrrlin

Dealers' Room

Tyrrlin the flame-crested gryphoness helps keep the Dealers' Den running smoothly. She also fursuits and has art in the Art Show. She is married to the ever-charming and wonderful Darkclaw, Internet Den staffer.



Uncle Kage

Operations
Chairman of the convention.
Tells stories. Drinks wine.
Frets a lot.

Val O.

Registration
I am: a furry, a Trekkie, a grad student, happy. Sometimes I just meow at stuff.

Valrejn

Audio/Visual
Just one of many making things louder, brighter, and groovier.

Victoria

Security

Violet Neko

Art Show
Violet is a lucky cat who loves art and scratches. She works in the art show helping people display and fall in love with art. She has also been making her own art for years. One of the things she loves most is when art finds its way to a new home to be loved and cherished. She



thrives on praise, treats, and scratches.

W4rlock / Alex Krumwiede

Security

WeisenWolf

Operations
Everyone's favorite cherry wolf, when he is not out on his motorcycle, or playing hockey, he is usually "playing" army with his friends.

Wexley Wolf

Art Show
Wexley the Eon Wolf began roaming the furry fandom in 2008 as a teenager and became seriously involved after

his first AC in 2015. He is a former U.S. Navy submarine sailor and an aspiring Electrical Engineer. He loves snowboarding, video games and art. Wexley highly looks forward to the AC art show every year.

Whry

Programming
Seventh Anthrocon, 2nd year on staff—looking forward to another fun time and were-wolves!

Witchiebunny

Dealers' Room
A little purple bunny. With yarn.

Yappy Fox

Programming



Megaplex

Mega Quest: The Wrath of Con

Orlando, FL

August 4th - 6th
2017

Guests of Honor
Kodi
&
Rick Griffin

Get More Info at
Megaplexcon.org



Ursa Major Awards

Where fans pick the best of the year!

The Ursa Major Awards are presented each year for excellence in the furry arts. The recipients are nominated by the fans, and the winners are chosen by vote of the fans!

The results of the 2016 Awards will be announced here at Anthrocon! Come to the presentation ceremony as noted in your guide book.

See something this year that you think deserves an award?

Then recommend them!

www.ursamajorawards.org

The annual Recommended Furry Reading List is open to all furry fans to recommend the best anthropomorphic movies, TV series, novels, artwork, games, and more! The list helps other fans find gems they might otherwise miss. It can also be a guide for fans to nominate their candidates for the next Awards. Please send all your recommendations for this year to:

recommended@ursamajorawards.org

The Ursa Major Awards are presented by the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, a membership organisation dedicated to promoting anthropomorphic literature and arts through the Ursa Major Awards, the Recommended List, and the ALAA Hall of Fame. Suggestions are invited to improve the Awards, and memberships are welcome. See the UMA website for more information.

Recognizing the best in anthropomorphic arts and literature since 2000!



Art donated by EosFoxx